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NOTICE.

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THE LITTLE "FAIRY."

A STORY OF A CHRISTMAS TIME.

It was a cold, wet, gusty afternoon, near Christmas. The pantomimes were in rehearsal at most of the west-end theatres, and at the east end the "People's Palace of Amusement" was not to be behind its more aristocratic neighbors.

Near the door of this theatre a crowd of children were gathered—ragged, dirty, half-starved looking little girls—who were talking eagerly and loudly, and occasionally looking back towards a fruiterer's shop a few doors off, where a girl sat crouched up under the projecting shop-board, trying to screen herself from the bitter wind and pelting rain.

"Come on, Annie," called one of the children.

"I tell you she ain't coming. I heard Cohen say he wouldn't have her no more; she wasn't no good for nothing."

"I tell you she'll be the queen; she was the queen last year, and a beauty she made too, with all her long, pretty-colored hair let down, and her face that clean it seemed a pity to put the stuff on her."

"What's the good of washing your face to be a fairy? It looks just as well when you're done up," said another whose face certainly bore tokens of an abstinence from soap and water that would have done credit to a saint of the Middle Ages. Most of them were in a similar condition, but one or two candidates for admission to fairy-land during the Christmas season had attempted to make themselves a little cleaner by way of recommendation.

Presently the door opened and the whole crowd tumbled in; but one lingered to say to the man who acted as porter, "Ain't Annie coming?"

"You go on and mind your own business," said the man gruffly; and he went in and closed the door behind him.

Perhaps there had been a last lingering hope in the mind of the girl crouching there by the shop-window; for as the door closed her chin went down from her knees, where it had been resting, and burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

"Is that you, Annie?" said a gentle, womanly voice as a customer, carrying a bag full of oranges, went out of the shop.

"Yes, ma'am, it's me," said Annie sadly.

"But what are you doing here at this time of day? I thought you said they began with the fairies again, yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am, so they did; but—but—Oh dear, I don't know what I shall do!"

"Come in here and tell me what is the matter. Has your mother been beating you again?"

The child shook her head. "Not yet, but she will, I know; and I'll have to go in the streets for good, too; and I ain't eat much, either. Mother told me not to eat much when I'd got the chance, but to drink all the gin I could get hold of. It ain't much wittles or gin either as comes my way, and yet, somehow, my legs will grow." And she looked down angrily at her offending limbs, which certainly were much too long for the frock she wore.

"But you haven't told me now, Annie, what is the matter—why you have not gone to the theatre this afternoon," said the kindly voice.

"Well, it's all along of my legs, ma'am; they would grow, you see; and now I'm too big to do the fairy business, and not big enough for any of the other parts." And the tears ran down the girl's face so pitifully that it seemed cruel to smile at her complaints against her legs.

"You are hungry too, ain't you, Annie?" said her kind friend.

"Well now, you seem to find out everything about me. I wish you'd see mother and tell her I couldn't help growing."

"Sit down here while I fetch you some bread and butter." And a basket was turned up in a sheltered nook of the shop, where Annie would be much warmer than crouching under the shop-board.

When the bread and butter had been eaten, Annie said, "Am I to go now?"

"Where are you going, child? Your mother will be at the theatre, I suppose?"

"IS THAT YOU, ANNIE?"

"Yes, ma'am; she always stops after the sweeping and cleaning is done; she likes to be there best, she says."

"Well, don't you think you had better go to the school I've told you about before? You couldn't go there, you said, because you were at the theatre."

But Annie shook her head slowly. "I've been thinking all day about what you've told me here two or three times, and what you say they teaches about at the school—that God loves little children, even little girls like me, and takes care of 'em."

"Yes, Annie, He does."

"Well now if He did, what did He let my legs grow like this for? I ain't like some girls; and if He knows everything, as you say, why, he knows I was born on the stage, as you may say, and can't do nothing else; and yet my legs have got to be that awkward that I'm just the wrong size for everything, and just at the busy time, too, and when you're always cold and hungry if you ain't at the theatre."

"But, Annie, you would not always like to be a very little girl. God wants you to grow up a useful woman."

"But I'm just no use at all now," said the child fretfully. "There ain't no room nowhere for me; mother says there's too many people in the world, and there is, too, or else they wouldn't have a chance of picking and choosing about the size of fairies, but would be glad to keep me on till I was fit to take something else."

"Never mind about the fairies now. You can't read, can you, Annie?"

The child shook her head. "Never had no time to learn; but mother says I must some day, for the big ones have to learn their parts out of books."

"Then, now will be your time to learn, though I hope you will find something better to do than go on the stage, and——"

"And come to be a sweeper at last, like mother is," said the child. "I often wonder, ma'am, what it must be like to have a nice home, like, and no theatre at all. You don't go to the theatre, do you?"

"No, Annie."

"I don't think you'd like it either, though there's plenty of gaslight when the people are all in; and then, when the music's going, and everybody's dressed up till you wouldn't know 'em, it's all very grand. But when it's all over, and the gas smells, and the sawdust and the smoke and the gin, and you're tired and got the headache, then you wish there was no theatre, for everybody's cross and——"

"I am sure I wish there was no theatre," said her friend; "but now let us talk about the school and forget the theatre. God wants you to go to school, Annie, that you may learn to be a useful woman, I am sure."

"But what can I do when there's so many people in the world? Nobody wants me: mother don't, I know."

"Well, if you go to school you may find out a way of being useful. My sister will take you and speak to the teacher for you, and while you are there I'll send for your mother and talk to her about it."

This last condition proved irresistible to Annie, and she agreed to go home and wash herself, and come again at six o'clock to go to school.

Six o'clock struck, and with it came Annie, all her bright hair bundled up under an old bonnet of her mother's. She looked a quaint, demure little creature, trudging through the wet streets in her mother's bonnet and shawl, beside the kind friend who had so often longed and prayed to be able to do something to save her from the perils of such a life as lay before her.

When they reached the school, so warm and bright and inviting after the wet, cold streets, Annie looked up gratefully into her friend's face. "It's nice here," she said.

The teacher came forward to welcome her new scholar, and a few words were spoken by the lady who had brought her; for they were not unknown to each other, and she had often spoken of this child and her wish to befriend her. On her way back, she met Annie's mother, who was not unknown to the sisters. "Are you in a hurry, Mrs. Morris?" she asked.

"Well, no; I was just looking round for my Annie; she ain't at the theatre to-night, you know, ma'am."

"So I hear, and I think my sister wants to speak to you about her, if you will come into the shop."

"Ah, Annie has been telling you of the misfortune, I suppose?" said the woman. She had been drinking as usual, and her red blood-shot eyes were full of tears.

"Well, I don't see that it is such a misfortune for the child to grow. You would not have her a child all her life?"

"Well, no, ma'am; but—but your sister knows what I mean."

They had entered the shop by this time, and she looked up appealingly as she spoke.

"You are talking about Annie, I suppose. She is in a great deal of trouble, poor child; but, as I told her, you could not be angry with her, for she could not help growing."

"Well, I don't know so much about that. You see ma'am, she would eat. The bread and butter that Annie eat for her breakfast would frighten you."

"I don't think it would. Growing children always have a good appetite."

"That's just what I said. She was growing, and instead of eating the bread and butter, and every bite of anything she could get hold of, she should have took a drop of gin now and then. It would have stopped the craving at her stomach, and stopped the growing; but not a drop of gin would she touch; and now see what's come of it. She's no good for nothing; she's just too big and too little."

"But, Mrs. Morris, I think you ought to be very glad that Annie would not take the gin. How often have you told me that if it hadn't been for the drink you would have been a much better woman? and I quite believe it."

"That's all very well, ma'am, as far as it goes," hiccupped the woman; "but you see, it was for her good that I wanted her to take it, and she ought to have done as I told her, and I'll make her take it yet."

"Come, come, Mrs. Morris, don't be angry and unreasonable with the poor child; you

ought to be glad she is growing such a fine girl."

"But what is she to do? how is she to get her living? If she was to grow faster than girls ever do grow, she couldn't go on the stage for two years, and who is to keep her all that time? I can't and I won't."

Some customers coming in the conversation was interrupted for a few minutes; but after they were gone Mrs. Deane said—

"You know I have always taken a great deal of interest in Annie; she always seemed so different from other children that run about the road here."

"She is different, too," said the woman with something of motherly pride in her tone. "We was respectable people when Annie was born; me and my husband too, though we was on the stage."

"And you would like your little girl brought up respectably, too, would you not?"

"Yes, ma'am, I should; but how's a poor woman like me to do it? As for Annie, she's just been and thrown her best chance away, and now, I suppose, she'll have to get her living out of the streets, like the rest of them do."

"I should be very sorry to see her thrown on the streets, Mrs. Morris. If I can persuade some friends to do something for Annie now—get her into a school, or something of that kind—will you promise not to interfere with her by-and-bye, when she gets older?"

"Well, I don't know, ma'am, what you mean about interfering. I'm her mother, and of course I should like to see her get on."

"That is quite natural; but the friends I am thinking of would not like to have a girl they had taught and taken care of, dragged back to such a life as Annie's now is—a life on the stage."

"Well, ma'am, I should be glad, of course, if you could do anything for Annie just now, and, if I may so, it 'ud only be a bit fair, too, for it is, as I may say, through you that she's just no use now."

"Why, how can that be?" said Mrs. Deane.

"Well, ma'am, you have always been very kind to Annie, and she thinks there's nobody like you. I suppose it's because your ways are different from most folks; and so when you told her never to drink the gin or stuff that the children often get a sip of, why, of course, she must mind what you say, though she didn't care for her own mother, and not a drop would she have from nobody."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Deane; "and I am sure you will be one day, when you see Annie growing up a respectable good woman, as I trust she will, if you will only give her up for a few years."

"Well, ma'am, your offer is a kind one, certainly; but I don't know what to say to it all at once. You see Annie is pretty, and bids fair to be a pretty woman, and looks to money on the stage."

"Will you let Annie choose for herself? She is a sensible child, and I will agree to this, that if she does not like her home in three months, she shall come back to you."

"Very well, I'll agree to that. Three months off my hands will be something," she muttered to herself as she walked out of the shop.

When Annie came out of school she made her way back to her friends, and watching for an opportunity when there were no customers in the shop, she darted in, and asked, in an eager whisper, "Have you seen mother?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Deane, "and she has given you up for three months, and I am going to find some friends to take care of you. Do you think you will like that, Annie?" asked her friend.

"I don't know, ma'am," said Annie dubiously.

"Well, come in and have some supper now, and we will talk about it afterwards. You will stay with us to-night, Annie."

"Yes, I shall like that," said Annie, brightening, and she followed her friend into the old-fashioned parlor behind the shop, where she made a hearty meal of bread and butter, sitting on a low stool beside the fire.

"What did you learn at school to-night, Annie?" asked Mrs. Deane as the child sat looking meditatively into the fire.

"Well, ma'am, about the same thing as you've told me, and I've been wondering whether it's true, after all."

"Whether it is true! What do you mean?"

"Well, ma'am, about God and my legs; whether He is going to take care of me, though He did make them grow awkward."

"Will you let Him take care of you, Annie?"

"Let Him! I couldn't help it about my legs, could I?"

"No, you couldn't help growing tall, of course; but there are some things God wishes us to do that He does not force us to do; He leaves us to choose for ourselves what we will do. He knows what is best for us, and He does all He can to make us choose the best; but after that He leaves it to our own choice."

"Is He going to let me choose which I will do?" asked Annie.

"Yes. He wants you to grow up a good, useful woman, Annie, and He has made you grow tall that you may have the chance offered you of choosing which you will be by-and-by; because if you are to be of any use then, you must begin learning many things now that you never heard of at the theatre, and try to forget many things you learned there. Now, Annie, which shall it be? Shall I go and see my friend to-morrow, and ask her to take you into the Home she has made for little girls like you, or will you go back to your mother and the streets?"

Annie shuddered at the word "streets;" but still she did not speak at once.

"What will it be like? what will they do to me at the Home?"

"Well, my dear, they will be kind to you, I know, and give you food to eat and a comfortable place to sleep; but there will very likely be some things you do not like. You will have to do as you are told, and obey the rules, and, perhaps, do some kind of work, as well as learn to read."

"Is that all?" asked Annie.

"I think that will be all. You will certainly not be asked to do anything that you cannot do if you try."

"Then I choose, and I'll try; I'll try to be good, like you've told me, and I'll let God take care of me His way."

So Annie was sent to the Home, and her friends soon heard that she gave every satisfaction by her willing, obedient, tractable behavior. Indeed, everybody loved the fair-haired girl, and the lady who had charge of the Home wished to take her to Canada.

But her mother would not hear of it at first, and accused Mrs. Deane of trying to rob her of her child. But she contrived to see her once or twice when she was sober, when she was willing to confess that her drinking habits had ruined herself and the child too; and by following up this advantage and telling her that she now had an opportunity of undoing part of the wrong, at least, inflicted upon Annie, and also a chance of joining her child by-and-by, if she would only overcome her evil habit, she was at last brought to consent that Annie should go out in the spring to the new country, where she had heard so many poor children had found good homes. Annie herself was quite willing to go with her new friends, upon Mrs. Deane promising to look after her mother, and persuade her, if possible, to give up drinking and come out to her.

Mrs. Deane was most thankful that she had been able to rescue the child; but she felt the parting when it came most keenly—almost as keenly as the poor besotted mother herself, who, as usual, had been drinking, and only half comprehended that the warmly dressed, pretty little girl who clung round her neck was her Annie bidding her farewell—perhaps for ever.

A few months afterwards came the news that Annie had found a good home in the Far West, for a lady had been attracted by Annie's gentle winning ways, and adopted her as her own daughter, and in the quiet Christian home the memory of her fairy life was fast fading from her mind.

And what of her mother? some of my readers may ask. I wish I could say that she followed up with action the good resolutions she made about giving up the vice that had ruined her, and almost ruined Annie too But this is no sketch of the imagination, but an event of real life, which took place only three years ago, and the last time the writer asked about this poor mother—whether she was likely to join her daughter in the far-off land—there was only a sad shake of the head, and the words, "But thank God the child is safe from her influence now."—*Emma Leslie, in Sunday Magazine.*

MY LAST FALL—TEMPTATION FROM A THOUGHTLESS ONE.

WRITTEN BY A REFORMED MAN.

I am afraid of these little temptations. They are the little leaks that sink the ship. They have seared and shattered the noblest fabrics of human character that ever towered. They are the little threads gleaming and playful as the springlet in the sunbeams, but slowly cutting their way through granite even, and flooding the holiest heritages of virtue and truth with the black desolations of vice and crime. Trifles they seem at first, and, overlooked or extenuated, they insidiously weave their gossamer folds around the victim, until the strongest is crushed in the deadly embrace.

These little temptations meet us at every corner; drop from almost every lip Do people—many of them claiming to be governed by Gospel rule—ever dream that a word, or a sentiment sometimes, is the half ounce which sends up a noble purpose and a soul to the bottom? Thousands to-day, who would suffer martyrdom rather than deal rum in the grog-shop, are at their own heart-altars insidiously doing the same devilish work.

"Take a drink of it, man, it is just from the press; 'twouldn't hurt a babe!"

We heard this twenty years ago. With life and purpose fortified by long years of undeviating devotion to a sacred pledge, and, I trust, the grace of God, I cannot recall this sentence and the attendant circumstances without a shudder. After so long a time it has the sharp, startling serpent's hiss, burning into the very blood, and sending sickness to the very soul.

By the then universal custom of society I was made a drunkard before I was twenty-one. I was outlawed by the same society which ruined me, and recklessly plunged deeper into dissipation My young wife died, and I rushed to the bottle to drown trouble. But a thousand hopes and dreams would rise like the dead and float on the stream. When all other friends deserted, and my own father drove me from his door, the mother was a mother still.

Under the influence of the Washingtonian movement I was picked up. Sober, hopeful, and resolute to stand fast, I went again to my father's home, drank his cider and fell. I was again an outcast, and again picked up.

Here let me rebuke the cold-blooded Phariseism which clasps the sainted hands and scorns the "weak ones," as it terms them. The strongest intellect from the hand of God is powerless in the fiery clutch of the appetite for liquor, once firmly seated. Warmer, larger-hearted, nobler men than the mass of these cold-blooded, passionless, precise men have been as babes in its power. Many of them do not drink now, but they can rob the poor of the State, and cheat God, they seem to think, by dispensing alms with a trumpet.

The last time I reformed and fell was late one Autumn. I had been sober three months, had earned some money, got clothed decently, and felt like a man. I had learned one thing to my sorrow: not to haunt the grog-shop or associate with those who did. I married again and entered anew upon the battle of life.

In late Autumn I engaged in a saw-mill, at high wages, for I was stout and ready, and my employer's work was hurrying him.

Late one Sabbath morning, after sleeping the latter part of the night at the mill, I was going home, when I met a friend coming from his cider mill on the way, having in his hand a pail of new cider just from the press. He was a deacon in his church, an exemplary professor, and a worthy citizen. He loved me, but came near killing me. He offered me a drink from his pail, I excused myself, for my mouth watered, as I have had it before when asked to drink at the bar. He was surprised.

"Why, Joel," he said, "not drink sweet cider! I wouldn't drink rum for the world, or offer it to you, but this is as harmless as water—nothing but apple-juice. Take a drink of it, man, it is just from the press; 'twouldn't hurt a babe!"

I was ashamed of my scruples; I was thirsty, but felt the shadow of some great danger. The old demon of appetite was pleading within, while the deacon was pleading without; I eagerly reached for the pail, as he held it towards me, and drank—drank deeply.

Now, some will sneer at the idea of intoxication in that cider. A barrel of it might not contain a drop of alcohol, but this I do know, the taste—the act—the associations—all combined, and as I took my lips from the pail the old devil was unchained as effectually as though I had drank brandy instead of sweet cider. I was transformed in a twinkling; was wildly, exultingly mad. I shouted in my joy, danced around the deacon, and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

He was shocked at my irreverence for the Sabbath, and shot through the gates as if grieved.

"I am sorry, Joel, but you have been drinking again."

True, but not what he supposed. I had drank his sweet cider merely, 'twouldn't hurt a babe!

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Let oblivion rest mercifully, O God, over the six months which followed that last fall. I only remember distinctly the scene at the deacon's gate. The rest is like a fearful nightmare, with here and there an angel face—the wife's and mother's—breaking in But the long night ended at last; ended on Sabbath morning. All night I raved through streets, as I learned, the wife and mother vainly striving to watch and guard me. About daybreak, after a troubled rest on the ground, I awoke, but so weak and desolate at heart, I wept and prayed to die. I wanted to die, for I felt like a wreck on the strand. The sun was just rising in the east, and smiled sweetly down upon me. I shrank as if the eye of God was upon me. And then the birds sang, and then my dog—little Wag—licked my face gently and looked wistfully in my eye. I heard the river run by, and then came upon me such a thirst as I had never experienced before. I gasped for breath. I was choking for water. Every drop of blood seemed a drop of flame, while the water sang and rippled in mockery. I felt that I must drink or die, and at last managed to roll over and down the bank. By hard work I crawled to the water, and as I reached to drink, feared the great boon would cheat me. It seemed that there was not enough in the river to slake my thirst, and I ordered Wag away, as he began to lap by my side.

Bless God, the giver of water! That drink was a long, cooling draft of bliss to a burning body and soul I drank again, and again, and wept, and thanked God. I bathed hands and face, and brow, and grew stronger.

I sat by the river's bank until the bells tolled. Had some kind one then taken me by the hand, I would have given life for an hour at the altar, and the prayers of true Christians. But at the moment, the deacon who had given me the cider passed by, remarking,

"That's Joel—pity he hadn't drowned for his wife and mother's sake." Oh, God! how the cruel words stung me! I writhed in agony. Was there no home again for me? No mother or wife? No heaven at last?

I dare not go home by daylight. In the evening I stole into town, and after walking an hour up and down before my house, ventured in. A candle was dimly burning, and my dear mother, worn out with anxiety, was fast asleep in the sick-room chair, and my poor wife was breathing heavily on the bed.

How sad—almost heart-broken—how weary and worn she looked. I kneeled down beside the bed and ventured to take her hand. She smiled faintly, as if dreaming, and whispered my name.

"God I thank thee he has come back to me"

Poor, betrayed, scourged, crucified, innocent, I never wept such tears as then, never felt so abashed; never saw so clearly what desolations I had visited upon others. Hot, and like rain, the tears fell upon her hand as I bowed over it, and called God to witness that I would drink no more She awoke, and throwing her arms around my neck, sobbed and prayed while she kissed my swollen cheek.

* * *

I have drank no cider since then. I would as soon peril my soul's salvation in the glass of rum. I will not offer to others, and I deem him or her an insidious enemy who offers it. It might not hurt a babe, but it is a dangerous devil to those who have once trodden the quicksands of appetite.—*N. Y. Witness.*

THE HONEST DOCTOR.

A wealthy invalid, who was far too fond of the bottle, sent one day for his physician, and after detaining him some time with a minute description of his pains, aches, and nervous affections, summed up with these words:

"Now, doctor, you have bothered me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and draughts; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike at the real cause of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it."

"It shall be done," replied the doctor, and at the same moment he lifted his cane and demolished a decanter of gin that stood on the table.

"Now, then," continued the honest physician, "I have struck at the real cause of your ailments—banish the 'bottle,' and you will have far less need of my pills and draughts."

Workingmen and youths here's a lesson for you and for me. For many years past statesmen, politicians, and reformers of every grade have been trying to improve our social, moral, and religious position. Notwithstanding much has been done, yet it is a melancholy fact that new prisons and new workhouses are always being built, or old ones enlarged, and the inmates of these buildings are chiefly supplied from our ranks, and that through our drinking habits.

Acts of Parliament are very good thing in their place, but, like the doctor's pills and draughts, they will not do much to raise our morals if we do not strike a blow at the "bottle."

Instead of taking one hundred millions a year as we now do to the "Losings' Banks," let us act wisely, and put this immense rich mine of wealth into the savings' banks! What a difference this would make to us nationally!—*Selected.*

THE LARGEST PLANT IN THE WORLD.—We are accustomed to regard the great trees of California as the most gigantic specimens of vegetable growths known to man, but such is not the case. There is a submarine plant growing in the North Pacific Ocean which, according to Professor Reinsch, dwarfs all others in its vast proportions. The *Macrocystis pyrifera*, one of the *Melanospermæ*, has been known to grow to such an extent as to cover vast areas of the ocean bed. One specimen, by measurement, was found to cover three square miles, and the stem from which this growth proceeded was eight feet in diameter. It is almost impossible to conceive of such a plant, or how a system nourishment can be maintained through such extended channels in the living organism. Nature performs strange freaks, and certainly none can be stranger than the fact that of this gigantic species there are some specimens so small as to be microscopic, or only to be seen by the aid of powerful objectives.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Agricultural Department.

MIXED FARMING BEST.

We think it must be taken for granted that hereafter, for many years, the condition of the American farmer will only be so far different from the condition before the war as he is a better farmer. Times will not be always so hard as they are now, because confidence will gradually return and business so far revive, but prices will continue low, and strict economy will be necessary—more necessary than the younger generation ever knew it—to make farming pay.

In the old-times the "objective point" of farming was not a specialty, or a "money crop," so much as it was to make a living off a farm, raising and making by home industry everything, as near as possible, that the farmer and his family required for maintenance and comfort. In those days farmers needed little money, for they had little to buy. Food and clothing came from the farm, and the small store bills were paid with surplus products. Taxes were light and travelling that cost money was small. A fore-handed farmer might live in comfort in those days without handling as much money in a year as of late he has often handled in a month.

This comfort was the result of mixed farming to an extent the present generation knows little about. It was then almost unheard of for a farmer to buy anything that he could raise. The butter-maker did not buy his cheese; the grain-grower did not buy his woollen yarn; the cattle farmer did not buy his fruit; the sheep-raiser did not buy his butter; and none of them patronized the ready-made clothing store.

The decrease of domestic manufactures upon our farms, in consequence of the great cheapness of factory-made products, is a benefit or an injury to the farmer according as it affects him. If the labor that formerly produced the clothing of a farmer's family is now lost and produces nothing, then the cost of such clothing produced elsewhere makes him so much the poorer. But if the labor released from growing, rotting and hatchelling flax, the labor released from spinning and weaving is directed into some other and more profitable way, then is the farmer's family advantaged by the change.

But if we do not find it to pay to grow flax, spin and weave, we ought still to produce wool enough to pay for our clothing; and the female members of the family, if it does not pay them to get out the spinning wheel and set up the loom, ought at least to find a way to put in their time to a profit equal to that their mothers derived from those time-honored implements of housewifery.

Profitable domestic industry for women, or some equivalent out-door labor, such as their physical strength allows, will have to be sought in the coming time. And just here comes in an advantage from the new-fangled labor-saving machinery which has so much reduced the amount of "bone-labor" required in conducting the operations of the farm. The mower and reaper, the hay-rake, the tedder, the sulky cultivators and plows, are all implements that require skill rather than strength for their operation. We believe it will soon be a common sight to behold all these implements managed, as a rule, by the women of our farms, not only to a great pecuniary advantage, but also to a vast improvement of their physical health.

But in order to bring about such a change there must be a return to simplicity of dress and living. "Housework" in old times was a simple thing, and rapidly despatched so that the female members of the family might get soon to their spinning and weaving. Housework is terribly complicated by the elaborate furnishing and ornamenting (?) of our domiciles, until many a farmer's wife has become the slave, rather than the mistress, of her house. Much of this is the result of an absurd social ambition, and more the consequence of a childish and uncultured taste for "gim-crack" ornamentation.

Simplicity may be brought back to the home without returning to the bareness, the coldness or the incovnenience of old-fashioned houses. We can have the benefit of all modern improvements and be the better for them, inasmuch as they save labor. But those thousand things that make work had better be dispensed with. Let the women study how to do this; and let them study, too, how to dress themselves, so that they can walk on the ground without hurting their feet, and can take a full breath without bursting their clothes.

It is said that the machinery of England equals in producing power the hand-labor of four hundred millions of people. There is no doubt that the use of farm-machinery in New England has doubled the producing power of every farmer's family, at the same time wiping out much of the hardest work, or transferring it from men to beasts.

The modern farmer who attempts mixed farming has many advantages over his predecessors, not only in easier and better working implements, but in better stock and better markets, and a greater variety of marketable crops and products. Fruit, for example, even the most perishable, can now be profitably cultivated upon farms. Not only can potatoes be grown for market, but onions, and, near villages, many other vegetables. Poultry is always profitable. Mutton sheep, in small flocks, will generally give profit, if well managed. Small dairies, where every cow is a prime one, will bring more gain than large ones with a small average yield of milk or butter. Young stock raised mainly for home use, to replace older and inferior animals, thus constantly raising the standard of practical excellence in our flocks and herds, should receive more and more attention. Greater care for the housing, feeding and comfort of all our animals will add much to their profit. These things lead us also to thought and care about increasing our manure heaps and profitably applying them. We shall see how much more cheaply crops can be grown by growing more to the acre. Finally, we must put the arithmetic we learned at school more to use in keeping close account of everything, and not leaving the profit or loss on our investments and labor a mere matter of guessing.

The tendency of hard times in the cities and towns is to drive many to farming. Some who thus betake themselves to country life will fail there, as they failed in town, and for similar reasons. But many others will bring upon the land qualities of mind that will, with industry, ensure to them at least a moderate success. Those who have been all their lives on the farm will often find themselves pushed by these new-comers in a way that ought to stimulate them to exertion, if for no other reason, to prove that it is not true, as some have said, that the old farmers know the least about farming to the best advantage. The time coming is to be a time of economy, of industry, of careful prudence and close calculation, and out of the return to these old-time virtues must come the new-time prosperity. A general return to simplicity of life and a tempered ambition will give us a fuller, deeper, truer prosperity, that will be better for the nation and for every individual in it than the fevered era through which we have passed, and which is now ending in so much bankruptcy, both of wealth, hopes and character.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

MILK AND BEEF COMBINED.

The following excellent observations on the above subjects are made by a correspondent to a United States agricultural paper:

Combined milk and beef properties in a cow may be desirable, but are they of as much importance as one would suppose from the discussions about them? Even with the two properties present in the highest degree, the one (beef) is of no use during the life of the animal while a milker; as well have only a milk breed during that time. When the animal is aged, and no more fit for the dairy—that is, the powers of nature failing—how much is she worth after that for beef? She cannot lay on the fat as in earlier days, and at the best, the profit in producing it, even if she rounds up well in flesh, is small. Are we not over-estimating the importance of the two? Beef, at the end of the milking period, is the only advantage in the case, for when the animal is raised for beef alone, the dairy element loses its force, not being required. It is only the dairy cow, with beef in view at the end, that can be considered in the discussion. Now, the union of these two elements—beef and milk—can be secured in its highest degree only by increased digestion. This requires a greater improvement in capacity than it is possible perhaps to secure short of a period of time that would make it impracticable, if indeed it can be reached at all. And were it accomplished, what would be the result of so arduous and expensive an undertaking? There is no necessity to have a fat milch cow when the same amount of milk can be obtained without. It would not be desirable. And to feed to get the greatest quantity of milk would necessarily include this fat condition; unless it could be put off at the option of the feeder—a point which no one will expect can ever be reached.

I think our efforts can best be employed in pushing the milk improvement, say by a union of the qualities of the Ayrshire and the Jersey—richness with abundance—and aim to increase the digestive assimilating qualities, so that the production of milk may be pushed to its highest without starting the laying on of fat to arrest and lessen it as with the Shorthorn. We already have our beef animal. We now want a perfect dairy cow, combining the properties described above in the highest degree. There is a prospect that this can and will be done. There are cases among the Jerseys now that fail but little, if any, to meet this requirement. Here then we already have a basis. What more does it need but increase in size and capacity. The field certainly is an encouraging one, particularly when we note that their is already an improvement of a flattering character going on in the Jerseys.

HORSE RENOVATORS.

I may here say a word on another peculiar business of Paris:—Horse renovators. It would perhaps be more correct to say horse restorers, but the business is the same. Twice a week in that usually quiet Boulevard de l'Hospital you will hear tumultuous outcries and loud voices like the shouts of a charging squadron of cuirassiers. These noises come from beast and man. The whole assemblage of men is more like an insane asylum let loose. The groups of horses are like excited poverty out for an orgie. This is the locality of stables that are hermetically sealed to the vulgar eyes of those on "shank's mare," or even on a conceited "high horse." You hear the noises at least. By a ruse you may get in. It has an equine sanitarium. Old faded horses, minus any "go" in them, are taken to this retreat, and by a special food, composed principally of carrots crushed and mixed with bran, to which a little flavoring of arsenic is given, these quiet quadrupeds become fiery steeds. The faded horse is washed with a particular lotion and well rubbed, so that he looks well. He is then fed and given stimulants of a certain class. In a month he does not know himself.

Oats and barley mixed are his strengthening rations. The other condiments are the beautifiers. If a white foot is objectionable it is dyed. If a dull eye prevails a little increased dose of arsenic gives it brilliancy. If the hair be too long a judicious clipping is given. The whole animal is made "beautiful forever" by endless dodges. Broken-winded horses are eased by a series of fasting and sweating, as well as a potion of moistened Spanish trefoil plant which expands temporarily the lungs. "Broken knees" are patched with pieces of dead horse skin, glued on neatly. Some dingy white horses are entirely dyed black and glossy, but woe to the vendor if the disguised animal be caught in a shower of rain pending the negotiations of purchase. The ears are trimmed shorter and painted up, and if too short, ornamented with India rubber adjuncts. Unless there be some actual disfiguration by broken bones these art decorators of horses can pass off the very sorriest of sorry horses on the not over wide-awake buyers.—*Baltimore Sun.*

An Oregon letter in the "*Prairie Farmer*" gives some facts about the Chinese that by no means support the popular clamor on the Pacific coast. Two-thirds of Western Oregon are timber or brush land, rich and well-watered. The white men would not grub these lands, and they lay idle, except for timber. Seven or eight years ago the Chinamen came there to grade railroads and afterwards went to work on the grub-lands at such rates that the first crop of wheat paid for clearing and fencing, and since then hundreds of thousands of acres have been brought into cultivation. The Chinamen go from one farm to another, inquiring for jobs of grubbing. If not employed in one place they go to another, making no threats to burn out or kill those who do not give them work. The writer has seen no tramps or bummers among them, and they do not become county paupers. If there is no grubbing to be done they saw wood, pick fruits, gather hops, work in mines, cook, wash and iron. They are peaceable, harmless, industrious men, boarding and lodging themselves, living cheaply and working hard in all weather.

Preservation of Wood.—The method of preserving wood by the application of lime, as pursued by M. Svostal, is published in the French Journals. He piles the planks in a tank and puts over all a layer of quick-lime, which is gradually slaked with water. Timber for mines requires about a week to be thoroughly impregnated, and other wood more or less time according to its thickness. The material acquires a remarakble degree of hardness on being subjected to this process, and, it is alleged, will never rot. Beechwood had been prepared in this way for hammers and other tools for iron works, and is said to become as hard as oak without parting with any of its elasticity or toughness, and to last much longer than when not thus prepared.

Chicken-Yards.—A writer in the *American Poultry Journal* recommends that in chicken-yards where the grass has all been eaten off by the fowls the yard be daily supplied with a small quantity of freshly-mown grass. Short grass, frequently cut, as with a lawn-mower, is the best; as hens will not swallow long grass, and when they can help themselves they always peck off very small pieces. The health of fowls much depends upon supplying with grass yards that contain none or an insufficient supply.

DOMESTIC.

Roast Partridges.—Pick, draw, singe, and truss, placing a slice of bacon over the breast of each bird. Roast at a moderate fire, removing the bacon a few minutes before the birds are done Serve with plain gravy and bread sauce in a boat.

Bread Sauce.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teacupful of fine bread crumbs, add a small onion stuck with three cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns, and salt to taste; let the sauce simmer five minutes, add a small piece of fresh butter, and at the time of serving remove the onion and mace.

Plain Gravy.—Mince an onion finely, fry it in butter to a dark brown color, then add three-quarters of a pint of stock, pepper and salt to taste, a small piece of lean ham or bacon minced small, a little Worcester sauce, a sprig of thyme, and one of parsley. Let it boil five minutes; put it by till wanted, and strain before serving.

Potato Scallops.—Boil and mash the potatoes soft with a little milk; beat up light with melted butter, a dessert-spoonful for every half-pint of the potato; salt and pepper to taste; fill some patty pans or buttered scallop shells with the mixture, and brown in an oven. Stamp a pattern on the top of each; glaze while hot, with butter, and serve in the shells.

Cooked Fish.—Take pieces of fish well freed from skin and bone, and put them into a saucepan with a piece of butter, pepper, salt, a little minced parsley, and the juice of half a lemon; toss over the fire until quite hot, and serve within a wall of boiled potato.

For No. 2.—Prepare the fish as before, mince it rather coarsely, and then put it in layers into a well-buttered pan with layers of bread crumbs, little pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg between each layer and a little butter here and there; pour over a little sauce or stock, just sufficient to moisten it; lastly, add another layer of bread crumbs, put the dish into the oven, and serve very hot.

Haddock.—Tie the fish with a string in the shape of an S, or with its tail into its mouth; lay it in plenty of cold water, well salted. Place the fish kettle on the fire, and by the time the water is on the point of boiling, the fish, unless it be a very large one, should be quite done. Let it drain across the kettle and serve with sauce.

Curried Rabbit.—Put into a saucepan two ounces of butter, and a couple of onions finely sliced; add a quarter of a pound of bacon cut in thin strips, and a rabbit cut up into neat pieces. Toss the whole on the fire until the pieces of rabbit are slightly browned, then sprinkle over them a heaped tablespoonful of curry powder and as much flour; moisten with two cupfuls of stock, add salt to taste, and let the curry simmer for about an hour. Lay the pieces of rabbit on a dish within a border of plain-boiled rice, skim the sauce, stir into it, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of half a lemon, and pour it over the rabbit and serve.

Hashed Mutton.—Fry an onion, chopped small, with some butter, till it is browned; add a tablespoonful of flour, and one and a half or two gills of stock, with a few cloves, some whole pepper, salt to taste, a teaspoonful of walnut catsup, half that quantity of Worcester sauce, and a tablespoonful of tomato sauce. Stir the whole together, let it boil once or twice, and strain it into a saucepan. When cold, lay the pieces of mutton in it with this sauce, and place the saucepan by the side of the fire, so that the contents are very gradually heated; shake the saucepan occasionally, but never let the hash boil. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter.

Delmonico Pudding.—Boil a pint and a half of milk with a stick of vanilla and sugar to taste; then strain. Beat up six eggs, and pour the flavored milk upon them. Put the mixture into a bain-marie, and stir gently over the fire until it thickens. Dissolve three-quarters of a packet of gelatine in a little milk, add this to the above, and stir the mixture until nearly cold; then add 2 oz. of preserved cherries and 1 oz. of citron peel or preserved ginger cut very small; pour the mixture into an oiled mold, and when cold and quite set turn it out.

Mock Turtle Soup.—Take about ten pounds of shin of beef, cut it into small pieces, and fry the lean parts a light brown; put the rest of the beef (*i. e.*, the fat part) into a stew-pan with boiling water, and stew it for eight hours, with a bunch of sweet herbs and two onions; when cold take off the fat. Then get half a calf's head with the skin on, half boil it, and cut it into small square pieces and put them, with the lean beef and the soup, into the same pot, and let them stew together till quite tender. Thicken it with a very little flour add a little pounded mace and cloves, and a grate of nutmeg, two spoonfuls of mushroom catsup, and pepper and salt to taste. It should be served with egg-balls and lemon.

JACK THE CONQUEROR;

Or, Difficulties Overcome.

BY MRS. C. E. BOWEN.

(From Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER II.

The sun was getting low in the heavens, the daisies were beginning to shut up their little round white frills for the night, and the quarrymen were preparing to go away from work: some of them were already descending the steep paths that led to the village below. These signs, and Jack's own hungry stomach, told him it was time to go home to tea.

As he was crossing a stile he met a girl about his own age, who was carrying a basket in one hand, and leading her little sister with the other. Now, if Jack could be said to have a friend in the world, it was Mary Naylor. Not that he saw much of her, but she was always kind to him. She livedwith her widowed mother, who was a very different sort of woman to Susan Law, Jack's aunt. She was in all respects as tidy and comfortable a body as Susan was the reverse, and invariably had a civil or kindly word for her neighbors. Her cottage and two children were always clean. A greater contrast could scarcely be imagined than Jack with his torn clothes, tumbled hair, and not even clean face, to the neat little maiden, in her lilac print dress and brown straw hat, under which the shining golden hair was so tidily arranged. Jack always felt pleased to meet Mary or her mother. With all their clean, nice appearance, they never seemed to look down on him, or to think him not worth speaking to. Mrs. Naylor had more than once given him a good slice of bread and butter when she had seen him passing her door, which he relished all the more because butter was a luxury seldom granted him, and because a nicely-cut slice of bread fresh from the loaf rarely fell to his lot either. His aunt was in the habit of giving him odd stale pieces that were left from her own or the lodgers meals. These soaked in weak tea or skimmed milk were his usual breakfast and tea. No wonder that he thought Mrs. Naylor's bread and butter a treat.

Mary had her lesson-book in her hand, out of which she was teaching her little sister some easy words of spelling as they walked along together towards home.

"How do you do, Jack?" said Mary; "please will you lift this basket over the stile for me?"

"Yes, that I will," said he, delighted to be of any service to her, however small; then holding out his arms to the child, he offered to lift her over also.

But the little one clung to her sister's frock, and shrank from him, exclaiming--

"No, no; Jack is a dirty boy, and shan't touch Nellie."

"Oh, fie! fie! Nellie," said Mary, coloring up, and much afraid lest her spoilt, petted little sister's plain speech had hurt Jack. "She did not mean to be rude," she said, in an apologetic tone, "only she is so young. Please help me over," she added, hoping with true native delicacy of feeling to make up for what the child had said.

JACK AT THE STILE.

Jack held out his hand, and as it took hold of Mary's fingers, he thought for the first time in his life how much nicer it was to have clean hands than dirty ones.

Mary walked on with her sister; probably she reproved her for her rude speech to Jack, for he heard the little one exclaim in reply to something she had said—

"But, Mary, Jack's face was so dirty."

Another wholesome lesson for Jack; but he took it in good part, and sauntered on thinking.

The sight of Mary teaching her sister had put a new idea into his head on the spot, and it was this. Suppose he could get Mary Naylor to teach him to read! She was able, for she had learnt for several years, and was often to be seen with her book; but then how could he ask her such a favor? how would her mother like it? Kind as she was to him, she had scarcely ever invited him into her house. Why, even little Nellie would not suffer him to touch her because his face was so dirty; and the strange gentleman had advised him to begin to care more about his appearance. Jack was not wanting in shrewdness; no boy in Her Majesty's Dominions possessed a larger share of that commodity; and it enabled him to see that learning to read was not the first difficulty he had overcome in finding out the way to "get on" in the world. He must begin by making himself look clean and respectable, and then perhaps he need not so much mind asking Mary to teach him to read.

"If only I could have a bit of soap," thought he, "a bit all to myself; for aunt won't let me touch hers."

And in truth, when after tea he went into the back-kitchen, and began to use the small piece lying on the sink, she knocked it out of his fingers, and desired him to leave it alone.

"But I want to make myself look clean," said poor Jack.

"Go along then, and wash yourself in the river," was the reply. "You'll find water enough there, and you must do without soap."

The hint was not lost on Jack, however ungraciously given. He would go to the river, to a snug little shallow creek he knew of amongst some willow trees. Why should he not use it as a bath every day? But a bit of soap would be such a treasure, and it might be kept in some safe place where no one would see it if by any chance they went there. A bright idea struck him, and with a hop, skip, and jump, sent him running down the hill-side into the village. He halted at the little shop, where articles of every description were sold.

"Please, I want a piece of soap."

"How much?" asked the woman, pointing to some squares ready cut for customers requiring small quantities of the article in question.

Jack chose one of the least of the pieces, and held out the sixpence which had been given him that afternoon. He trembled lest it should not be enough; for it had never been his aunt's way to send him to make any purchase for her, and he supposed soap must be dear, as he was not allowed to use it. Greatly was he delighted, therefore, when he had threepence handed back to him.

"Anything else?" asked the woman; "doesn't your aunt want an ounce or two of tea to-day? I've some fresh just come in."

Jack shook his head, but his eye rested on some rough-looking pocket-combs hanging up in the window, and he asked the price.

"Threepence each." Fortunate Jack! The next minute he was in the street, his bit of soap in his hand, and his comb thrust into his jacket pocket. "Now to the river-side," thought he, and thither he sped. The day had been sultry, and the cool water looked very inviting. The shallow place under the willow-tree proved quite as eligible for a path as Jack expected. Never had his face had such a cleansing; and as for his hands, he scarcely knew them again. He had often bathed in the river before; but he had never known the luxury of soap, and its value was enhanced by the fact that it was his very own possession.

A towel would have been

an accommodation, but to boys brought up like Jack the absence of such a convenience is a trifle; a few runs up and down the bank, and a few rolls on the fresh sweet grass answered all the purposes of a drying machine, and our hero only regretted that he had no better clothes to put on. They had never looked so ragged and shabby before. His next care was to hide his precious piece of soap, which he knew he should have to resign altogether if he took it home. With an old rusty clasp-knife, one of his few treasures, he scooped out a hole in the ground, near the root of the tree, lined it cleverly with some stones, and wrapping up his soap in a large leaf, he deposited it in this novel soap-dish, covering it up with stones and leaves to make all secure. It is not too much to assert, when we say that when Jack stepped forth from his retreat he had taken the first important step towards rasing his condition in life, and that he had conquered his *first difficulty*.

And so the boy hoped himself, as he completed his toilet by combing his hair, and trying to make it look like Harry Morland's, whose stand-up tuft just above his forehead had always excited his admiration. Whether he succeeded or not in his imitation he could not tell, having no glass, and the water was scarcely clear enough to serve for one; but he was very sure on this point, viz., that he never again would be repulsed as he had been by little Nellie because his face was so dirty.

CHAPTER III.

When Jack undressed that evening he took a very minute survey, by the light of the full moon, of his trousers, jacket, and waistcoat. The examination was far from satisfactory.

They had once been his father's Sunday suit, and had been cut down into a small size for him by an old woman who went from house to house doing such jobs of work as she could pick up, satisfied with her board and a mere trifle by way of remuneration. Very proud had he been of them when he first put them on, for they had been his passport from infancy to boyhood—in other words, he had forsaken petticoats for trousers. But this was three years and a half ago; for two years they had been not only his every-day but his only suit, and their condition was much what may be imagined, considering his fondness for climbing trees and getting through furze bushes or brambles, as occasion required.

Still, though very bad, he thought they might be mended and made better than they were, so he ventured the next day to call his aunt's attention to their dilapidated condition.

She spoke less impatiently in reply than he expected, but said she should have no time to attend to them yet a while.

"May I get them mended if I can?" asked Jack; "and will you give me some bits of cloth?"

His aunt lifted down an old pasteboard box, which was filled with shreds and pieces of the very clothes on his back, and pushed it towards him.

"There's plenty there, if you're going to turn tailor yourself," she said, "and I don't suppose you'll find any one else to mend you up unless you wait till I have time."

Jack thanked her, and walked off with his shreds. He scarcely knew what he was going to do with them; he only felt that he should not like to ask Mary Naylor to teach him to read till he was in a more respectable condition, so here was difficulty number two to be overcome. He did not despair, for having mastered the affair of the soap and the washing, why should he not contrive to get some patches put on his clothes? If all other means failed, perhaps he could do it himself, as his aunt suggested. But his plan was to go to Jenny Fowler, who had made the suit, and ask her to help him. She was a good-natured old creature, and not one to be afraid of. He found her at home in a single room which she rented, busily engaged in repairing a black dress.

With some hesitation Jack showed her his pieces of cloth, and asked whether she would mind mending his clothes for him, as his aunt was too busy.

"Bless the lad," she exclaimed, "he hasn't come afore they needed looking to! I'll do them right away when I've finished this here dress; and I'm just aputting the last stitches to it."

But Jack felt bound in honor to tell her that he should have no money to give her as payment. He had not a penny in the world, nor would his aunt give him any, he knew.

"Then I'll do it for love, instead of money, dearie," said the unselfish old woman. "It's not much old Jenny can do for others, but she may manage to scrape an hour or two for a lad who wants to be tidy."

"Do you like water-cresses, Jenny?" asked Jack.

"Like water-cresses! yes, to be sure I do; they give a bit of flavor to the bread. But, bless the lad, what have water-cresses to do with patching jackets?"

"I thought if you liked them, I would bring some nice fresh ones to you every day, as long as they last," said Jack. "I know where to find plenty; and I will gather you a bundle of sticks every day for your fire for a month; it will save you looking about and stooping to pick them up."

(To be Continued.)

THE RACCOON.

THE RACCOON.

Among the many animals that are common to the inhabitants of America is the well-known "coon." But as some of our readers may not be very intimately acquainted with the habits of the animal, we will give a slight sketch of its appearance and mode of living. The raccoon is a genus of the bear family, and strongly resembles a bear, but of course in miniature. The size of the raccoon is about that of a small-sized fox, being about three feet in length from the end of the snout to the tip of its tail. The shape is not unlike that of the badger, though the legs are longer. The head of the raccoon is very broad, and flat behind; with naked and large muffle; the ears are of a moderate size, and stand erect. Whisker formed of several bristles stand out prominently from its face. The feet are five-toed, not connected with webs; the claws are curved and very sharp, as many a hunter's dog could testify if it were only in its power to do so. The general color of the fur is grayish white, and is formed of two parts: the under-coat, which is soft and woolly, and of uniform gray; and the long and stiff hairs which project through the wool, the tips of which hairs are marked with black. When standing the whole of the foot rests upon the ground; but in walking the foot is partly raised, and in running just the tips of the toes touch the ground. The raccoon lives on animal as well as vegetable food, and is not at all particular whether it invades a corn-field, a brood of chickens, or a plantation of sugar-cane. It is also partial to oysters, and on the coasts of Carolina and adjacent regions where the American oyster abounds, it feeds almost entirely upon them, opening the shell with a dexterity that would put to shame many an adroit fish-man. It has been known to dip its food in water before eating it; but as this is not practised by them while in captivity, it is supposed to be only an occasional habit. The haunts of the raccoon are generally found near a swamp, river, or sea-shore, from which places it can easily sally forth on a predatory visit to some neighboring farm-yard, to feast on honey, or kill the fowls for the sake of their blood. On the Southern plantations one of the greatest sports of the negroes is to have a "coon" hunt. When caught young this animal may quickly become domesticated, and in the generality of cases becomes very tame, and will follow its master even through the crowded streets. But unfortunately they have a great propensity for pilfering, and, like the magpies and jackdaws, a remarkable love for glittering articles, which they will seize on any occasion which presents, and carry away and hide them. A gentleman had a tame raccoon who displayed his thieving propensities to such an extent that he had to drive the animal away into the woods. Besides the common or American raccoon above described there is also the crab-eating raccoon of South America, which is very much like the common raccoon in appearance, but it subsists almost entirely on crabs and other shell-fish, whence its name.

The Family Circle.

IN HIS BEAUTY.

BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

I shall see Him in His beauty,
For myself shall see the King!
In the far-off land elysian
Have that beatific vision;
In His beauty I shall see Him
When the wailing nations flee Him.

I shall see Him in His beauty,
Who for me was crucified,
By those cruel foes surrounded,
Scourged and buffeted and wounded;
From man's judgment who was taken,
And of God Himself forsaken.

I shall see Him in His beauty!
See Him on the great white throne;
With these eyes shall I behold Him,
See the prophets who foretold Him,
Saints and martyrs of Time's story,
And the angels in their glory.

I shall see Him in His beauty,
On His palm my worthless name;
'Mid convulsions and dire wonders,
'Mid earth's voices and Heaven's thunders;
I shall see Him, He will own me
And beside Himself enthrone me.

—*Christian Union.*

LONE TOM AND HIS DOG.

BY AGUSTUA LARNED.

(*Concluded*).

By her neighbors Mrs. Disbrow was counted a shining light, a pattern of virtue; but there was an unregenerate fibre in her which would have vibrated agreeably if she could have overtaken Tom in some iniquity. She stole out at night, in her slippers, with the hope of pouncing upon the boy in the act of striking matches or burning a candle in the barn. But she was never repaid for her trouble. Tom and the dog always went to bed in the dark. If she had listened with a sympathetic ear, she might sometimes have heard a sound of sobbing, for the lad was a poor sleeper, and the aching in his heart for love and sympathy and home and for the mother who would never come again to give her boy a good-night kiss was always worse when he lay awake in the dark. One day Tom was carrying a pitchfork full of fresh grass across the dooryard lawn, when Mrs. Disbrow called to him, angrily, yet with an exultant tone, she scarcely tried to disguise.

"Now, sir, what do you suppose your miserable, good-for-nothing dog has been doing?"

"I don't know, ma'am," faltered Tom, beginning to quake so that part of his load slipped from the fork.

"The wretch has carried off our Sunday joint through the cellar-window."

Mrs. Disbrow's Sunday dinner was a very chilly meal. She had everything served cold, for she considered it wicked to heat herself and the viands on the Lord's day; and, if indigestion ensued, it was counted in the order of discipline.

"Oh! ma'am," returned Tom, when the power of speech came back to him, "Fido is not a sneak thief. He never stole anything in his life. I have known him ever since he was a small pup."

"You need not contradict me," rasped Mrs. Disbrow, the sallow hue of her countenance turning a sage green. "I tell you he did steal the meat; for what other creature is there on the place to do such a dirty piece of work? I would have the sneak shot out of hand; but Mr. Disbrow is too chicken-hearted, and, to make sure, he has gone and set a big spring-trap. I tell him it isn't safe to keep the animal about; for if he gets a taste of fresh meat the neighbors' sheep may disappear, and then we shall have the damages to pay."

Tom did not trust himself to answer this trade. He was slow to wrath; but now his breast was heaving with a storm of indignation. He took up the pitchfork, with its fragrant burden, and moved off to the stable with a slow and heavy step. The suspicion cast upon Fido was as odious to him as if the charge had been made against a human friend. The boy had no one to love save this poor dumb brute, and he gave him the loyal affection of his young heart.

After reflecting a while, Tom whistled to the dog, who was smelling about the roadside some little distance away. He knew Fido was innocent; but the idea that Mrs. Disbrow hated him and would sooner or later compass his death took firm hold of the lad's mind. The two friends walked slowly across the green meadow to the alder-fringed brook. If the dog must die, Tom thought it would be kinder to put him out of the way tearfully and as a sacrificial act than to have him shot by order of his enemy, or mangled in a trap, or poisoned with arsenic.

"Poor old fellow, you will forgive me," he said, mutely, while a thick mist obscured his sight. They sat down now just as they had many a time before to take their dinner together. There were big stones lying about on the bank. It would be easy to brain the dog in a moment of confidence, when he was licking and fawning on the hand that meant to do the treacherous deed. There would be a plunge in the water, a few ineffectual gasps and writhings. That was all. Tom had heard that death by drowning is easy. The dog, seeing his master's gloom, crawled up and rubbed his shaggy head against the boy's knee, and wagged his tail with unutterable sympathy, and licked his hands all over, and gave him a thousand mute tokens of endearment. His eyes were such fountains of humble fidelity and trust and love that Tom began to feel as guilty as a murderer. His resolution died completely out. He could sooner cut off his right hand than hurt a hair of the old and homely friend who had been faithful to him so many long years. They would still cling together, and hope for some means of escape into a sweeter and better life. The boy and dog lingered down by the brook until chore time, and then went reluctantly home.

"Hullo, Tom!" called Mr. Disbrow. "See the ugly customer I have just caught in the spring-trap," and he held up to view a big barn-cat, a fierce creature, bristling all over like a hedge-hog, and with great glaring yellow eyeballs.

The innocence of Fido had been established, the dog's reputation was cleared; but that night at supper nothing was said. Mrs. Disbrow made it a point never to acknowledge herself in the wrong. Tom hated to stay in her presence; for her injustice cut him deeply. He could do nothing but fumble with his knife and fork. After he had left the room. Mr. Disbrow remarked, as he again helped himself to the mashed potato:

"I am afraid, Didamy, you have hurt Tom's feelings about the dog. He is sensitive, you know, and, for my part, I shouldn't like to wrongfully accuse a dumb beast."

"You thought it was the dog yourself! You know you did!" retorted his wife, spiritedly. "I am not going to get down on my knees to that boy. If he don't eat the good, comfortable victuals set before him, he may go without. He ought to leap for joy to get a home like this, when he was never used to anything before in his life. His mother was a miserable poor housekeeper and they were always short of provisions. You would suppose that boy would show some grain of gratitude for what he gets. But, instead of that, he goes moping and sulking about, as if somebody had abused him. I do his mending and darn his socks regularly, every week, with my own hands. I should like to know what more is expected of me?"

"Didamy"—here Mr. Disbrow cleared his throat. He was about to exercise the unaccustomed privilege of conjugal criticism. "I wouldn't watch the boy so closely. Let him feel freer about the place, and not as if there was a detective on his track. It's a good many years since I had much to do with young folks, and more's the pity; but I know a boy of that age can't thrive in a strait-jacket. For my part, I should like to hear him sing indoors and out, and to see him growing rosy and plump like a robin in the tree."

Mrs. Disbrow had been struck utterly dumb by the audacity of her spouse. Now she slowly rose to her feet. "Mr. Disbrow," said she with awful emphasis, "I do believe you would have me admit that dog into the house."

The poor man was cowed. He said not another word, but took his hat and went away. Some days later, Mr. Disbrow hastily entered the house, with a very troubled expression of face. His wife was in the sitting-room, sewing on some work for a home missionary box and plying her arm as methodically as the piston of a steam engine.

"Tom has got hurt," said he, in a distressed sort of hurry. "He is as free a boy at his work as ever lived. We were laying up a piece of stone wall down by the creek, and I'm afraid he has strained himself lifting a heavy stone. I saw him turn white and go and lie down under a tree; but he wouldn't own that he was injured, and after a while he crept away home. Won't you go out, Didamy, and see what ought to be done for the poor lad?"

"I don't 'spose its anything but a faint spell," returned Mrs. Disbrow calmly. "I often have them, and get over them, without making much fuss. But, of course, I will go out and see what's wanted. If it's a sprain, I had better take along some arnica and camphor liniment."

"Do, Didamy," returned her husband, eagerly. "If anything serious happens to that boy, I shall never forgive myself."

Tom had crept into bed and covered himself with the clothes. He was in a chill, and a sick sensation diffused itself through his whole being. His face looked singularly old and gray and pinched; and his eyes were full of a dumb, patient kind of suffering. The dog was close beside him. He sat upon his haunches and laid his black nose on the cover-lid; and Tom's hand was near enough to pat the ragged lop ear. When Mrs. Disbrow came in, Fido crept under the bed as far as he could, and relieved himself by giving a low growl, while the end of his stubbed tail impatiently tapped the floor. She stood up at the foot of the bed, tall and rigid and angular and far from reassuring.

"Did you hurt your back?" she asked, in her metallic tones.

"No, ma'am. My chest, I think," and a painful flush overspread the boy's white cheek.

"It's only a strain, likely. You will get round again in a day or two, if you try. Here is some liniment, to take out the soreness"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tom, faintly, and he reached and took the bottle. That was all. Not one word of pity, one mute touch of love, one word of cheer or encouragement She scanned the bleak room with her sharp eyes, to see if Hannah had swept under the bed; and then she went out and closed the door

Mr. Disbrow, that evening, excused himself from the reading (they had got as far in the book as fore-ordination and free-will), and went and sat with Tom. He was not much accustomed to a sick-room and rather awkward and clumsy; but no one could be kinder. The short, stout old man had a heart hidden somewhere in his bosom, which living a quarter of a century with Mrs. Disbrow had not utterly withered He patted the pillows and smoothed the bed-clothes, and gave the boy a cooling drink, lifting him up and resting his head against his bosom, as if poor Tom had been his own son. And when it grew quite dark he sat there with the lad's hand in his, and won him to speak of the old life at home and of his mother and little sister. When he left him for the night the boy was quite cheerful. He said he felt easier, and would be "all right" in the morning.

But before morning a strange sound was heard at the kitchen-door—a sound of scratching and pitiful whining. It sent a thrill through the house, for then they knew that Tom was worse. Mr. Disbrow ran half dressed to the carriage-house, without waiting to put on his shoes. A deadly sickness had come on in the night, with vomiting of blood, and the poor lad was too far spent to call for aid. Only his faithful dumb friend watched beside him in those hours of lonely anguish. The doctor came, and declared, what was but too evident, that the boy had sustained some serious interal injury

They carried him to the house and put him in the spare room, between Mrs. Disbrow's company sheets That room seemed to have the quintessence of stiff gentility congealed in it, and was never used except on grand state occasions. The dog slunk along behind, with his tail deprecatingly tucked between his legs, and casting about a timid eye, in anticipation of kicks and cuffs. But he was free to enter now. Mrs. Disbrow had declared that she would never admit a dog into her family; and here was the most obnoxious of canines installed upon her best bedroom carpet. We never know how many of our most emphatic words it may be necessary for us to quietly swallow.

Tom had made up his mind to all the possibilities before the doctor's face told him that his case was hopeless. Poor boy! he was happy at last. His thin, homely features were lit up with a kind of heart-sunshine, that made the bedside a holy place. He was glad there was no longer a need to live. He had neither heart nor strength to push and shoulder his way in a hard world, and he was unspeakably hungry for love he might never be able to win here. Now all was made plain and easy; he was at rest.

He lingered longer than they thought he would, after he ceased to retain any food. He was patient and deeply grateful for the least little service. Mrs. Disbrow roused herself to special activity in cases of great danger. The approach of death called forth all her energies. She busied herself making gruel and jellies and beef tea in a superior manner; but it was too late.

Mr. Disbrow sat with Tom at night. He and the dog were the only watchers. It was pitiful to witness the poor, gaunt brute's distress. He did not leave his post for a moment, to eat or sleep. His scared, agonized half-human look of enquiry went searching from face to face to find some explanation of the dreadful mystery that chained his friend to the bed and caused him to grow weaker every hour. The sick boy patted his rough coat and gave him a thousand mute tokens of affection so long as his hand could move or his filmy eyes smile; but the bleak look of misery in the poor dog's face never changed.

Mr Disbrow suddenly developed into a wonderful nurse. He eased the lad's weary limbs; he even made his bed and held him in his arms like a weak baby when any change of attire was needed. The paternal instinct that had so long been frozen down in him was coming to life Something sweet and holy had taken hold of his heart and filled it with new emotions. Sometimes there was a little talk between the two, late at night, when Tom was feverish and wakeful It all went back to the humble home, to Tom's mother, to the time when he was loved and cherished. It was after one of these whispered snatches of talk near morning when the gray shade of death passed over the lad's face and his weak voice fainted away.

"Are you afraid, my boy?" whispered Mr. Disbrow, awe-stricken, as the mist from the dark river rose up and chilled his blood.

A great light broke into the filmy eyes, and the lips motioned "No," though there came no sound.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Tom, my boy?"

He gave a faint pressure of the hand and his dying eyes turned to the dog. His friend understood that look and gave the promise, and then all was over.

Fido had lain for hours under the bed, struck with a kind of dumb despair. He pulled down his master's clothes and mouthed and caressed them, and lay coiled upon them, weeping, as it seemed, inwardly. In the busy funeral preparations it was not remarked that he had eaten nothing for a long time, and that his body was worn and wasted with grief.

After the funeral, when the medicine-bottles had been put away, the best room aired, and the house set to rights, Mrs. Disbrow was alone in the late autumn twilight. If she was softened by all that had happened, it did not show itself in the rigid uprightness of her spare form. But her husband was quite melted. He had found a son only to lose him; and, in a vague way, he felt that a great wrong had been done the dead boy. He wanted to confess and roll off the burden of his contrition; and, when the darkness gathered, so that he could not see the face of his wife, who sat quite still, he began:

"Didamy, now that poor boy is dead and gone, I begin to think I was very hard and unfeeling toward him. That boy had a heart worth its weight in gold. I discovered its value when it was too late. If we had cherished him, he would have been faithful and true to us in our old age; and now it seems as if we flung him away. It don't do to live with folks as if they were stocks and stones. It ain't enough to give them good food and clothes and a comfortable shelter. They may starve for something they don't get, when they are provided with all the necessaries of life and in the midst of plenty. Don't the Bible tell us we can't live by bread alone? I am not a Bible scholar, like you, Didamy—only a plain man, of few words; but it is borne in upon my mind that I might have done more to make that boy happy, to give him a little heart and hope. Perhaps—who knows?—I might have saved him." He broke down and fairly sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Disbrow kept silence. She knew when to be discreet, and this new exhibition of feeling in her husband seemed worthy of study.

"Where is the dog," he enquired, suddenly, at last raising his eyes and looking around."

"I don't know, Luther. About the barn, probably," replied Mrs. Disbrow, in measured tones.

"Didamy, I want you to mark well what I say. I have adopted that dog for my own. I promised *him* that I would. Any one that gives that dog a blow or even a cross word will have to deal with me. Henceforth he may come in and go out as he chooses. He may lie in the parlor or sleep on my bed. I am now his protector and friend."

"Very well, Luther, I shall not dispute your authority," returned Mrs. Disbrow, with the same set intonation.

Mr. Disbrow got up, took his hat and stick, and left the room. He went to the barn, and whistled and called "Fido, Fido!" almost in tones of entreaty. There was no answering bark, no patter of feet. Silence and darkness everywhere. He wandered for half an hour about the fields, calling "Fido!" But still no answer. At last his steps turned slowly toward the graveyard. The night was getting overcast and torn masses of gray cloud hurried across the sky. The burying-ground lay a mile or more down a lonely road. Mr. Disbrow hesitated as he drew near, for his heart strangely misgave him. In one corner was the new grave, freshly heaped with brown mold. A tree flung its shadow down upon the little hillock and the white headstones gleamed faintly in the half light.

Mr. Disbrow stood outside the gate and softly called the dog. At last he pushed it open and went in, stricken with apprehension. Yes, he was there. Poor Fido, stone dead, lay stretched upon his master's grave. He had

scratched as much of the earth away as his feebleness would allow, in order to press his own faithful breast near to the breast of the dead boy. But his weakness, for he had not tasted food for days, overcame him, and he fell dead above the body of his friend.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE CAMEL.

Only two species of camel exist in the present day—the ordinary camel with one hump, well known as the Arabian and African camel, and the two-humped or Bactrian camel, that inhabits Central Asia, China and Thibet. The former is considered the most valuable. There are many breeds of camels the same as of horses, some being used for speed, some for draft and some for burden.

Animals of the most valued breed will travel fifty hours without once stopping for rest, food or water, and will make an average of ten miles an hour, so that the fortunate owner of such a camel can travel through a desert with ease and safety. Riding such an animal is, however, a task which requires an amount of endurance on the part of the rider almost equal to that of the camel. The peculiar gait of the camel is very fatiguing to the rider, and in case of the speedy ones the movement is so violent that the rider is obliged to use two girdles, which he belts tightly around his body, one just under his arms, and the other round the pit of the stomach. Ordinary camels, however, travel at about the rate of three miles per hour.

All our young readers know that the great value of the camel lies in its ability to pass several days without requiring drink, thus making it of great service for use in parched and burning deserts of sand. The camel does not, in fact, need so much less water than other animals, for in this respect it is outdone by many South African antelopes, which are never known to drink at all, but it has a curious power of taking in at one time an amount of liquid that will serve it for many days. The water is stowed away in a series of cells, which are formed in what corresponds with the honeycomb bag of oxen, and which are enabled to receive and to retain the water which is received into the stomach after the natural thirst of the animal has been supplied. These cells appear to have the capacity of preserving water in a clear and fresh state even after the death of the animal; a slight greenish hue is given to it, but otherwise it is clear. In one instance, after a camel had been dead ten days, the water in its stomach was drinkable and tasteless.

The quantity of water taken at one time is very large, more than twenty gallons being sometimes consumed at a single draught; the animal drinks with great rapidity, and the water disappears so fast from the trough or place of supply that it seems to vanish by magic. Its desire for water is so great that by some instinct, possibly by scent, it can detect its location at a great distance. When camels perceive water nothing can hold them back from it, and a whole caravan will break away from their drivers and make a fierce rush to the source of supply. This wonderful faculty is of the greatest value to the people of the desert, who would have known nothing of many a spring had not the camels directed them towards the water.

A camel can satisfy its hunger by eating and digesting substances that no other animal would touch. It does not stop to eat on its journey, but lowers its long neck and crops the scanty herbage which it chances to meet. The withered and dried leaves and twigs, that snap at a touch and seem to be without value as food, are all devoured by the camel, as are also branches of thorn that would discourage any other animal. The camel has been known to eat pieces of dry wood, chips, shavings and even charcoal with apparent satisfaction, and camels have been known to journey 1,000 miles within twenty days, having no food but that which they gathered for themselves on the journey.

Its limbs are wonderfully adapted to the desert country in which it lives. Its height enables it to carry its own head and that of its rider at a considerable distance above the ground, so that both are sheltered from the heat that arises from the burning soil. The camel can traverse easily the mixed sand, rock and stones of which the desert is mostly composed, but it is a popular error to suppose that the animal likes to walk on sand alone. It hates sand, sinking into it knee-deep at every step and groaning piteously as it toils along. Whenever the camel is uncomfortable it takes good care to let everybody know it that is within the reach of the peculiar sound of its groan and growl.

One great advantage the camel possesses is that its feet are so tough that they can pass over rough and stony places without suffering, and that they do not require to be shod. In an ordinary march of great length, constant attention to the feet of horses and oxen makes great delay and expense, but the camel's foot neither admits of nor requires shoeing. Nothing seems to trouble the camel more than a wet soil; its hind legs are very divergent from the ankle-joint, which renders the feet very liable to slip sideways when the ground is wet. The hump is entirely disconnected with the spine, and varies in size according to the breed of the animal, being smallest in those of purest blood. If a camel has been half-starved for several months together, as is sometimes the case, the flesh of this hump is drawn upon for sustenance, and the skin grows loose, appears empty and actually hangs on the side of the animal.

Without the camel the wandering tribes of the East would utterly perish, since it furnishes their transport, their food and clothing. The camel is to the Arab what the seal is to the Esquimaux. The milk, though small in quantity, is rich in quality, and, when mixed with meal, forms a great portion of their food. The skin is useful for covering saddles, making boots and water-pouches; the long, coarse hair is woven together with goat's fleece, and forms a thick cloth that is used for tents, carpets, sack cloth and the like; the fine wool, of which there is very little on each animal, is spun into a very fine thread and woven into shawls. The flesh is much liked by the natives, though Europeans consider it tough and unsavory, with the exception of the hump, the tongue and the heart; the hump is esteemed as a great delicacy, and a host cannot better express his warm attachment to an honored guest than by inviting him to dine on a portion of a camel's hump.

In lying down the camel drops on its knees, then bends the hind legs and drops upon them also, so as to be on the joints of all the legs; it then drops on the breast, and lastly, falls on the bent hind legs, making in all four distinct operations. A novice in camel-riding is usually thrown the first time his beast kneels or rises. Rising is, perhaps, even a more uneasy movement than kneeling, and is well described by an amusing writer: "When all is ready you give the signal, your Arab releases the camel; a sudden jerk from behind pitches you upon the pommel of the saddle as he raises his haunches, and then a swell from the stern throws you aft, and so on, zigzagging, until he is fairly up, when, after a little more rolling, while he is poising and steadying and backing and filling and getting his feet into marching order, he steps off and you are at last fairly on your way." There is much more of interest that may be said of this wonderful animal, and at some future time we will continue the account for the benefit of our young readers.—*American Cultivator.*

HOW TO KNOW A SCOTCHMAN.

When the railways were being constructed, the clerk of works on a branch line was from one of the home counties. The foreman of the contractor's firm was a Scotchman, and in giving instructions to the young clerk advised him to engage Scotch navvies whenever he could get them; they were strong, industrious, and thrifty. "But how can I tell a Scotchman? When it is known they are preferred, others will say they hail from north of the Tweed?" "Can't you tell by their tongue?" was the reply. How could he? Accustomed to speak and to hear only "Lord Mayor's English," a southren could not certainly distinguish Scotch from other uncockney dialects. "Well," said the foreman, "I'll tell you how to know a Scotchman: ask, What is the chief end of man? and if the man does not give the answer which I will write down for you, he is an impostor." The story goes that the clerk found he had, in the answer to the first question in the "Shorter Catechism," an infallible test of Scotch birth and breeding.

The Scotch are at present in much trouble about the proposed suppression of the Scottish Board of Education, and the management of educational affairs in the north being transferred to Whitehall. Fear is chiefly felt lest there should be interference with the religious teaching in their board schools. In England no denominational teaching is allowed in such schools, and where the Bible is used no creed or catechism can be admitted. In Scotland, with the exception of two or three schools in places where Irish predominate, the board schools have continued the use of the "Shorter Catechism," as in the old parish schools. This arrangement has been assented to by all parties, even the Bishop of St. Andrews having the charity and good sense to advocate the Scottish "use and wont" as to board schools. It has always been the custom in Scotland to teach the "Shorter Catechism" to all children. We have a copy of this venerable document now before us, "published by authority." The first page has upon it the alphabet in capital, Roman, and Italic type, the Arabic figures, and a few other elementary signs, and then on page second the historic manual of theology begins.

English theorists on education may wonder or disapprove, but the early training in religious doctrine is universal in Scotland. The knowledge may be in many cases merely formal, but it is certainly a grand thing in these days of increasing materialism and scepticism, that the youth of a whole nation is taught that "man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever." And the second question is worthy of the first: "What rule hath God given to direct us, how we may glorify and enjoy him." Answer, "The word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy Him." Queston third is, "What do the Scriptures principally teach?" Answer, "The Scriptures principally teach what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man."

There are bad things in Scotland, too much in "use and wont," but it is a patriotic and laudable ambition in the countrymen of John Knox to keep to the ancient "use and wont" of those parish schools which have been Scotland's highest honor.—*Sunday at Home.*

YOU ARE WATCHED.

In refitting the old Post-office building in New York, it is stated that the carpenters discovered that the upper floors were double, and were arranged so that detectives could watch the operations of those in the different rooms, who supposed themselves to be alone. The whole building was furnished with secret passages, sliding panels, hidden trap-doors, and mysterious chambers, of whose existence the post-officials had no knowledge, with the exception of the postmaster and his assistants. When the workmen had removed the flooring it was ascertained that the concealed space was from four to four and one-half feet deep, affording ample room for men to move about. Passages led entirely round the building. At very short intervals were found small circular holes in which were inserted lenses. Through these a view of the room below was obtained. Back of and above these lenses were reflectors, which brought before the eye of the observer the utmost recesses of the post-office. If a detective saw any stealing or improper action committed by a clerk, or by a person not employed in the office, the speaking tube by his side conveyed a warning at once to the attic room, and the guilty person was met at the door, or tapped on the shoulder in the interior of the office by another detective. The apertures through which the detectives overlooked the rooms are in most cases so small as hardly to be visible from the apartments below. Some of them, however, look boldly down from the ceilment, but as the planks in which they are seen were obtained from the old timber, the holes would readily be taken for knot-holes.

Post-office employees are not the only persons who are watched when they do not suspect it. The world is watching us in our daily life, our looks, our acts, our tempers and our words. Little children watch us, and gather bane or blessing from our examples and our lives. Younger Christians watch us, and learn lessons of fidelity or of waywardness from our course. Angels watch us, and as they encamp about us to deliver us, and see the good or the evil that marks our behavior. The great Captain of salvation from the throne beholds us, and watches us in warfare, in trial, in victory or in defeat. He sees our fidelity or our faithlessness, he knows us altogether. The all-seeing God watches us. His eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men. The whole universe is open to his gaze. The darkness and the light are both alike to him. His eye unseen surveys us. His ear catches every whisper. His mind reads every thought.

How solemn this fact! God is near. God is here. Let us serve him in lowliness and purity all our lives. How comforting this thought! Our keeper never slumbers, our helper never sleeps. He is not far from every one of us. Let us love him, trust him, follow him, and abide in his love now and evermore. —*The Christian.*

LIGHT ON THE DAILY PATH.

Let your requests be made known unto God.

Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt.—There was given to me a thorn in the flesh. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities.

I poured out my complaint before him; I showed before him my trouble.—Hannah ... was in bitterness of soul, and prayed unto the Lord, and wept sore. And she vowed a vow, and said, O Lord of hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thine handmaid, and ... wilt give unto thine handmaid a man child, then I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life. The Lord remembered her.

We know not what we should pray for as we ought.—He shall choose our inheritance for us.

Phil 4. 6. Mar. 14. 36.—2 Co. 12. 7-9. Ps 142. 2. —1 Sa. 1. 9-11, 20. Ro. 8. 26.—Ps. 47. 4.

Question Corner.—No. 24.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

205. What prophet broke the yoke and bonds off the neck of another prophet, and what was his name?
206. What general lay in ambush with his army behind a city and succeeded in capturing it, and afterwards burned the city and destroyed the inhabitants?
207. What king of Israel made two golden calves and commanded the people to worship them?
208. What was Joshua's name when he went with the others to spy out the land of Canaan?
209. What Gentile king was severely punished for boasting of his city, and what was his punishment?
210. Who, to avoid being captured, was let down from a housetop by a scarlet cord?
211. What vision did Ezekiel see by the river Chebar?
212. Who put out the eyes of Zedekiah?
213. What captive was appointed ruler over all that his master had?
214. Who prepared the material for building the first temple?
215. When and by whom was the foundation of the second temple laid?
216. Where is the prophecy that the glory of the second temple shall be greater than the first?

BIBLE ENIGMA.

1, 13, 18, 30, 14, 37, 44, 13, 51 was a noted city.

15, 16, 22, 29, 32, 34, 45, 46, 32, 38 was a companion of Paul.

3, 54, 61, 52, 10, 47, 20 was one of the patriarchs.

5, 49, 54, 56, 39, 63, 52 is a name which means "a gazelle."

We are told to 4, 13, 37, 33 the 14, 2, 23, 48 in our 11, 7, 32, 8, 30.

6, 19, 25 is the "accepted time."

62, 55, 32, 42, 30 we should always speak.

17, 21, 24, 9 is a part of the body.

12, 40, 27, 36 is a symbol of purity.

26, 28, 31, 43, 57 is a sign of displeasure.

35, 58 was a giant.

We often say 50, 13, 38, when we should say 57, 41.

We are told to answer a fool according to his 59, 60, 14, 14, 53.

My whole, composed of 63 letters, is found in Proverbs.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 22.

181. Adam, Gen. v. 5.
182. Nebuzaradan, captain of the guard. 2 Kings xxv. 8, 9.
183. Three thousand, 1 Kings iv. 32.
184. Moses, because of the shining of his face when he came down from the mount. Ex. xxxiv. 33.
185. He fell on his own sword, 1 Chron. x. 4.
186. Naaman the Syrian, 2 Kings v. 1.
187. Moses, Ex. xvii. 9, 13.
188. Manoah, Judges xiii. 12.
189. Elijah, 1 Kings xix. 8, 9.
190. Five, Jesus', Luke i. 28.
John the Baptist's, Luke i. 13.
Isaac's, Gen. xviii. 10.
Samson's, Judges xiii. 3.
Ishmael, Gen. xvi. 11.
191. Thirty-one, Joshua xii. 1, 24.
192. Abishai, 2 Sam. xxiii. 18.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

1, Persis (Rom. 16: 12). 2, Reuben (Gen. 29: 32). 3, Abijah (2 Chron. 13: 1). 4, Yoke (1 Kings 12: 10). 5, Wafer (Num. 6: 15). 6. Isaac (Gen. 1: 21). 7, Tekoah (2 Sam. 14: 2). 8, Helbon (Ezek. 27: 18). 9, Owl (Lev. 11: 16, 17). 10, Ulai (Dan. 8: 2, 16). 11, Timothy (Acts 16: 1) 12, Cab (2 Kings 6: 25). 13, Elah (2 Kings 16: 6, 10). 14, Asahel (2 Sam. 2: 18). 15, Stephen (Acts 7: 59, 60). 16, Ish-bosheth (2 Sam. 2: 10). 17, Nisroch (2 Kings 19: 37). 18, Gaza (Josh. 15: 47).—*Pray without ceasing* (1 Thess. 5: 16).

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 22.—Daniel Strachan, 11; Mary A. Brown, 12, Malcolm J. Fanish, 12.

To No. 21.—John Goldsbro, 11; Thomas Wiley, 12, John Marshall, 11; George Caun, 11; W. T. Dymoof, 5; Mary Ridley, 4; Hugh McKercher, 12; M. M. C., 11; William Torrance, 12; Clarence Goodspeed, 8; Eli Stout, 12; D. Morton, 13; Chas. E. Sears, 8; Jane Woodworth, 5; Jane Masson, 12; Peter Masson, 12; William Harris, 12; Jackson L. Little, 5; Mary A. Brown, 12; C. Harrison Thorndale, 11; Neil McEachern, 8.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(*From the "Little Pilgrim Question Book," by Mrs. W. Barrows. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.*)

LESSON XII.—Dec. 22.

THE SAVIOUR'S LAST WORDS.—Luke xxiv. 44-53.

44. And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me.

45. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures.

46. And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day:

47. And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.

48. And ye are witnesses of these things.

49. And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

50. And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.

51. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

52. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy:

53. And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God. Amen.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"**Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.**"—Matt. xxviii. 20.

1. How long did Christ remain on earth after he arose from the dead?

ANS. About forty days.

2. Were the disciples very sure that it was indeed the Saviour?

ANS. Yes; they saw him many times, and he showed them his hands and his feet, which had been pierced by the nails.

3. Of what did he remind them?

ANS. Of the things written in the Bible about himself which had been fulfilled.

4. How did he help them to understand the Bible? Ver. 45.

5. Whose help do we need as we study the Scriptures?

6. What did Jesus say was necessary?

ANS. That he should suffer, and rise from the dead the third day.

7. Do we understand why this was necessary?

ANS. Perhaps not fully; but we know that the death of Christ brings us nearer to God, so that we may be forgiven and saved.

8. What did Christ say must be preached everwhere? Ver. 47.

9. What is repentance?

10. What is "remission of sins?"

11. Why should they begin at Jerusalem?

ANS. They were already there, and the city was full of people who needed the gospel.

12. How did this command to begin at Jerusalem show the Saviour's forgiving love?

ANS. His murderers lived in Jerusalem; and he wanted them to have the gospel, that they might repent and be forgiven.

13. For what were the disciples to wait before they commenced preaching?

ANS. For the Holy Spirit.

14. Tell of Christ's parting with his disciples. Vers. 50, 51.

15. Did they feel as sad at his parting as when he was crucified? Vers. 52, 53.

16. Why should they feel so different?

ANS. *Now* they understood that he was the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world; and that they would soon follow him into heaven.

17. Why did they bless and praise God?

ANS. Because of his goodness in giving them such a Saviour.

18. Why should we bless and praise God?

19. What promise did Jesus make to them? Golden Text?

20. Is it for us as well as for them?

21. How can those who are not ministers preach the gospel?

22. Where should they begin?

ANS. In their own homes.

23. Have you ever tried to lead any one to the Saviour?

24. Are you sure you have found the Saviour yourself?

Message of God to us this week.

"YE ARE MY WITNESSES, SAITH THE LORD."

LESSON XIII.—Dec. 29.

REVIEW.

1. Tell the story of our Saviour's birth at Bethlehem.

2. What kind of a child was he while he lived with his parents at Nazareth?

3. Who was John the Baptist?

4. How was Jesus treated by the people of his own city?

5. What three disciples "forsook all, and followed him"?

6. How can we follow Jesus, now that we cannot see him?

7. What can you tell of the centurion's faith?

8. What kind of a sin is it to doubt God's word?

9. What did Jesus do for the widow of Nain?

10. Who is the friend of sinners?

11. Meaning of disciple?

12. How many disciples of Christ are there in your Sabbath-school class?

13. How can you be like the Good Samaritan?

14. What kind of prayers will God hear and answer?

15. Why is it hard for a rich man to be a good man?

16. What is the most important question that any one can ask?

17. What excuses do people make for not coming to Christ?

18. Tell the story of the Prodigal Son.

19. When Jesus healed ten lepers, how did they treat him?

20. How did Zaccheus show that he was truly converted?

21. What does Jesus wish his friends to do in memory of him?

22. For whom did he pray when on the cross?

23. After he rose from the dead, how long did he stay on earth?

24. What was his last command to his disciples?

25. If you cannot be a missionary or a minister, what can you do to show your love for Christ?

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS."

WILL EACH subscriber do us the favor of noticing on the address of his or her papers the date at which subscription expires, and renew it in good time to prevent the operation of the necessarily invariable rule of cheap papers, namely, to discontinue when subscription expires.

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EPP'S COCOA.—*John Bull* says—"An idea of the vast extent of the industry may be gained from the fact that one firm alone—that of Messrs. Epps and Co.—now sell some 4,000,000 pounds annually."

EPP'S COCOA.—*Christian World* says—"If I am to take cocoa," said I, "I must see and judge for myself what are the ingredients of which it is composed; with this view I made my way to the cocoa manufactory of James Epps & Co., in the Euston Road."

EPP'S COCOA.—"Cassell's Household Guide" says—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., homœopathic chemists and manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston-road, London."

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—:o:—

OPEN FOR COMPETITION UNTIL JANUARY 15TH, 1879.

—:o:—

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SILVER WATCH.

In addition to the general prizes which everybody may win, we offer a Gold Watch, a Sewing Machine, a Silver Watch and a small Patent Churn, for those who send in, before the 15th January, 1879, the four largest amounts in subscriptions to the WITNESS publications.

The person sending us (before January 15th, 1879) the largest amount in subscriptions to the WITNESS publications, will receive a Lady's or Gentleman's SOLID GOLD WATCH.

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To the person next on the list we will send a first-class SEWING MACHINE.

To the person third on the list we will send a SOLID SILVER WATCH.

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—:o:—

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—:o:—

In making up our Fall list of premiums we have tried to introduce as many new articles as possible, but owing to the request of many of our last year's workers who did not succeed in gaining all the prizes that they wished for, we again offer some of the articles which last year were most sought after. The skates seem to have been the favorite of the Young Folks, as over 700 pairs have been sent away to successful competitors, and in every case, as far as we have learned, gave entire satisfaction; we therefore, for a short time only, offer the skates as premiums on the following terms:

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—:o:—

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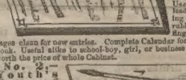

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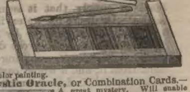

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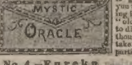

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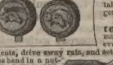

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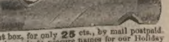

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